

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER.
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOON IS OUT TO-NIGHT LOVE.

The moon is out to-night, love, floating in the sky
Little stars are laughing, as she passes by;
All the little songsters sing a merry tune,
Happy as they can be, singing to the moon;
Clouds with silver lining, floating in the sky,
For the moon to pass them—Kitty, so am I;
But we come to meet you with a happy smile,
To tell you how I love you, sitting on the stile.

CHORUS.

The moon is out to-night, love, meet me with a smile,
I've something sweet to tell you, sitting on the stile:
Kiss me when you meet me, Kitty of the glen,
And when I go to leave you, I'll give it back again.

The moon is out to-night, love, all the roses blush
When the gentle night-winds tell the birds to hush;
For, I want to listen for a merry voice,
Whose every note is music, and makes my heart rejoice,
Kitty, I am waiting to see if I can see
Some one like a fairy coming toward me:
And the little angels; coming once again,
Join the kiss of true love for Kitty of the glen!

CHORUS.

The moon is out to night, love, meet me with a smile,
I've something sweet to tell you, sitting on the stile:
Kiss me when you meet me, Kitty of the glen,
And when I go to leave you, I'll give it back again.

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